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a skep of the common construction, he places it in the wooden case above described, and forms a passage for the bees from the skep to without, by the front, not allowing them to pass in any other direction. When the bees have pretty well filled the skep with combs and honey, he takes a box, which is nearly square, and somewhat larger in the upper surface than the bottom of the skep, and places it under the skep. In the upper part of the box there is a square aperture for the purpose of forming a communication between the skep and box, which can be stopped at pleasure, by means of a sliding bar. Having received this increase of space, the colony will double their diligence in increasing their magazine of provision, and if the season prove favourable, will soon have the straw skep completely stowed with wax and honey. If thought advisable, the sliding bar may then be pushed in, and the skep removed. It is to be presumed that the bees will now be wholly or principally in the box. If it be apprehended that some are still above, these may be destroyed in the ordinary way by the fumes of sulphur. It may not however be advisable to take any part of their stock the first year, since in this climate, it rarely happens, that even a strong hive can fill a moderately sized skep in one season. At the end of the second season, the bees will have collected a larger store, and there will then be less danger of being put to the necessity of destroying, as above, any members of the colony, and less trouble in saving them during the winter.

By the above mode, my friend proposes to prevent the bees from swarming, which occasions an increase of trouble and expense, to reap a greater produce from them, and to save the lives of these interesting, and useful insects. How far he may succeed, I cannot at present say, as the plan has not yet been fully tried. I may hereafter communicate the result of his experiments on these subjects.

I shall conclude this paper by remarking, that I apprehend proprietors are in general too late in putting down their bees. Even so early as this day

(11th September) I observe, that the bees especially of the strong hives, are scarcely stirring, though the sun be shining, and the weather moderately warm. They must of course have already begun to consume their stock, and, at any rate, it cannot be expected that they will now make any addition to it. I see a few bees working on a bed of mignonette, but the quantity of honey now collected must be so small, that I conceive those who have bees should immediately take those hives which they intend for use. In those years in which the latter part of the season is uncommonly favourable, it may be proper to let the hives remain till after the beginning of October; but I believe, in general, hives should be put down towards the middle of September. A. Z.

P.S. I would gladly learn from some of your correspondents, what the nature of that substance is which wasps collect in their combs, and whether or not it could be applied to any use?

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*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

SIR,

HAVING in vain, sought for some account of the discovery of potatoe oats, from those of my friends who were to be supposed best acquainted with the subject, I take the liberty, through your magazine, to inquire of some of your informed correspondents, whence this valuable species of oats has been derived, and from what circumstance it is that it obtains its name? It is natural for agriculturalists to wish to know some particulars of this excellent species of grain. A. Z.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

SKETCH OF A RAMBLE,

*Taken September, 1809.*

EARLY on a beautiful morning of last September, I set out from Carrickfergus, to visit an acquaintance in the eastern part of Island Magee. The morning possessed all the charms of the season; the sun had nearly made his appearance, and his bright slanting rays reflected from the unruffled surface of the bay a dazzling light,

which when caught by the sails of some vessels entering the bay on particular tacks, had a very pleasing effect. I also observed the swallows beginning to congregate on the tops of several houses, preparatory to their general flight, which always happens soon after this appearance. Leaving the town, the road passes through a tract of excellent land, which now glowing with the rich fruits of cultivation, set it off to great advantage, some corn was in the stook, and the whole fully

"Invited the sickle from its twelvemonth's rest."

The road here formerly passed close along the shore, but the sea had encroached so much of late years, as rendered it oft impassible, which caused the present one to be made. After walking about a mile from the town, I crossed the Copeland water, a small rivulet, which is here the meaning of the corporation; the road here enters the parish of Killroot, antiently, Killreigh, the red church, the land on the left belongs to the Bishop of Down and Connor, and on the right to C.R. Dobbs, esq. This parish is united, in the established church, to that of Ballynure, its ancient church has been long in ruins, and the inhabitants lament the tythe did not share the same fate; the celebrated Dean Swift, was sometime priest of this place. Continuing my journey, I soon reached Castie Dobbs, the elegant seat of C.R. Dobbs, esq. whose mansion stands a little to the left, and is seen to great advantage from the road; the demesne is well wooded with clumps and belts of trees, from amongst which thousands of rooks were now taking their departure, with a most clamorous noise, to renew their depredations on the neighbouring fields: Pheasants and the stock dove are also plenty within the demesne. The crops as I passed along, exhibited a fine appearance, the corn seemed to have suffered but little from the heavy rains that had fallen lately, as I seldom saw any lodged; the hawthorn hedges I observed beginning to lose their vivid green, and assuming that brownness which marks the rapid decay of all their foliage, and reminds us that soon,

"———The leaf

"Incessant will rustle from the mournful grove."

I now came in sight of Island Magee, and there being very little wood to obstruct the prospect, I had a delightful coup d'oeil of the western side of that peninsula, which now glittered with the yellow tints of autumn; its little knolls forming a fine undulative appearance, while here and there the bluish smoke from the morning fire of the houses curled high in the air, and pointed out the different habitations, as, "I roved with devious step, and heard the rill

"That murmured sweet, and listened to the gale."

Crossing a small rivulet called Slaughter-ford, I entered the island; this stream takes its name from the dreadful massacre that began here on the night of Saturday, January 8th, 1642, concerning this event, historians have given very dissimilar relations, as to the cause, and number of sufferers, yet they generally agree in saying they were inoffensive and untainted by rebellion; the person really impartial will therefore deplore the event, let the numbers have been 30 or 3000 persons, for there is all this difference in the accounts. I now passed Mulderslay, the chief of hills in this part, whose steep sides were mostly covered with corn bowing for the sickle, industry having climbed to near its summit, and exhibiting an excellent specimen of the state of agriculture, in this district, which is much improved within the last thirty years, as the reader will see by the following authentic anecdote. In 1779, the landlord Lord Dungannon, reduced the price of lime, to his tenantry, to sixpence per barrel; and at the same time proposed to lime the land of such as were not then able to do it themselves; and take payment for the same as they were able to spare it, but strange to tell, very few embraced the offer and the lime, mostly, continued fermenting in the kilns till it burst the walls asunder! Times are now altered, and this valuable fossil is in general use as a manure, without any encouragement from the landlord. The morning continuing fine, its

charms were yet further heightened by the notes of the wood lark, which I now first heard beginning his autumnal song, he seemed really "blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn," and I listened with much attention to his song, till I arrived at an antient church, by the road, which I stepped aside to examine. "Hail! solitary ruins," I inwardly exclaimed as I ascended the steps leading into the graveyard, in which this ruin is situated; I advanced, and entering its white incrustated walls, sat down on a headstone, both to rest myself and take a more minute view of this very solitary ruin, whose venerable walls reminded me of the frailty incident to all sublunary things. The appearance of this cemetery testifies it to be of considerable antiquity, and the building, probably, one of the primitive churches built of lime and stone, as it is very small with gothic windows, which distinguished the early churches, of this country; the fabric is yielding fast to the iron hand of time," as I observed several fragments of its walls lying about the yard, once "the pious work

"Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot."

Having sat some time in rather a melancholy reverie, I arose and began to examine the inscriptions on the different headstones, but found none worth transmitting to the reader's notice, the name, age, and time of death, being all contained on those frail memorials; the one I had sat on, belonged to the Hills, one of the most antient and respectable families in the island, "as tradition says, the family of the Hills saved several Roman Catholics, during the massacre of 1642, by secreting them in a corn kiln; an act highly honourable to them, and worthy of being recorded to those professing that religion whose divine author has said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Leaving this place where "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," I redoubled my pace, and slanting to the right across the fields, reached a road leading direct to Port-muck, for which I steered with lengthening steps; my walk since leaving home had been

very solemn, and on this road it was still further increased by the few houses near it, and no passengers to be seen in any direction, therefore the silence of the morn was seldom disturbed by any thing save the rustling of the ripe corn, by the breeze, or the flight of sparrows from one field to another: I shall therefore present the reader with some account, not generally known of this Island. S. M. S.

*To be Continued.*

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

I HAVE been an attentive observer of the different Essays which have lately appeared respecting the building of the School House, and establishing the Lancastrrian mode of teaching in this town. I am sorry to find that there is not that unanimity amongst those Essayists which a true friend to the institution could wish.

A person signing himself C. S. has endeavoured to discourage any attempts being made towards teaching the poor children of this town, by representing them as the most incorrigible race, that ever disgraced humanity: this piece has been well answered by Humanitas. For these articles see Commercial Chronicle of 26th ult. and first and sixth instant.

But, Mr. Editor, a more dangerous enemy has been discovered than the fanatic C. S. after the close of the retrospect of politics in your magazine for September last, a writer has given something by way of appendix to that article. And though a dash appears to end the monthly retrospect of politics, yet it is plain, that this writer, by his introduction or head, wishes his paper should be considered the conclusion of it.

This writer like C. S. sets out with approving of "the laudable exertion to promote the benefit of education among the poorer classes;" but endeavours to deprive the managers of the confidence of the public, by bringing a charge of extravagance against them in unnecessarily squandering away the public money by building a magnificent house. "In viewing the building," he says, "now erecting for that purpose, it appears to be on too magnificent a scale; there ought to be every accomodation both in